

Trust and Desire - Steve Harrington x Reader (smut) by Dingus_Detector

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftercare, BDSM, Biting, Blow Jobs, Brat!Steve, Car Sex, Cunnilingus, Explicit Consent, Explicit Language, Explicit Sexual Content, Forced Oral (consensual), Hair-pulling, Light BDSM, Oral Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Safewords, Smut, Some Fluff, dom!reader, first time sub, handjob, reader has vagina, sub!Steve

Language: English

Characters: Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-13

Updated: 2021-05-13

Packaged: 2022-04-01 00:55:44

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,990

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

For a while now Steve has been speaking to you about trying a few kinky things, but you've both been waiting for the right moment. Tonight you're finally both ready.

Trust and Desire - Steve Harrington x Reader (smut)

Author's Note:

If there are any tags/TWs you feel I should add to this fic please let me know, I will try to update as soon as I see any request for an additional tag !

“See!” Steve announces confidently, “romantic right, leaning back, holding hands, all those stars above us.”

You smile and roll over, reclined in the passenger seat of his car. Steve is laid back in the driver's seat, his head tilted towards you with a smug look on his face.

“It’s great, Steve, although I think it would work better if you actually had a sun roof.”

“Oh right,” he sat up in his seat, raising his eyebrows at you and gesturing to the windscreens which was now so covered with rain you could barely make out the woods only a few feet in front of the car.

“So, you’d rather be lying out there looking at the stars?” You laugh and shake your head at him. He grins and opens his mouth, ready to make another smart comment, but you cut him off as you lean forward and gently press your lips against his.

When your lips part you stay close to him, almost nose to nose. Your eyes scan over his face, taking in every delicate detail. The soft glow of the headlights diffracting through the windshield make his eyes sparkle. You can see the corners of his lips turning up into a slight smile as you stare at him.

“What is it?” He whispers.

“You’re beautiful.”

Steve's cheeks flush hot, the little smile on his face spreads into a beam, "So are you."

He leans in and his lips meet yours again, this time with more force. Your knees bump awkwardly into the handbrake as you push forward to feel closer to him. He slides a hand up the back of your neck, gripping you firmly to allow him to kiss you harder. Slipping away from his lips you begin to plant kisses down the side of his neck, moving the collar of his t-shirt aside to press your lips into his shoulder. You feel his hand against your shoulder, he pushes you back slightly and takes your face in his hands. He's blushing even more now. He bites his lip for a second, clearly formulating a thought, and says,

"Do you want to... try some of that stuff we've been speaking about?"

"Here?" You reply, a little taken aback.

You had both spoken about this for a few weeks now. Steve had divulged a number of kinks to you and he was eager to try them out. You had spoken to him at length about the different things he wanted to try, things he wanted you to do, things he wanted to do to you, boundaries, fantasies, safe words. You had been explicit in how careful you wanted to be with bringing these things into your relationship. While it was true that Steve had a lot of experience under his belt from his playboy past, most of what he's done had been pretty vanilla compared to your experiences. You lock eyes with him and muster your best stern tone,

"I need to know that you feel safe."

"I know," he nodded, he was clearly taking this as seriously as you were, "that's why I wanted to come out here, so it's just you and me and the rain. I couldn't think of anywhere in the world I'd feel more comfortable than this."

You can't help but smile, his answer makes your heart melt. He smiles back at you and plants a gentle kiss on your cheek.

"Okay. We'll try what we agreed to start with, so long as you still feel comfortable with that." Steve nods. "And if you want to stop, for any

reason, even for a second you need to tell me.”

“I know-”

“You need to say ‘I’m uncomfortable’ right? If you can’t, then just give me two little squeezes. I’ll stop right away.”

Steve lowers his hands from his face and takes your hand, squeezing it gently,

“I know, I promise. I’m ready.”

“Okay then.”

A smile spreads across Steve’s face at your approval. Eyes wide, his usual playful expression is back and he suggestively signals to the back seat. You smile back and shuffle away from him to give him room to climb over.

Steve is sat upright in the centre of the backseat. Carefully you hoist yourself over the handbrake and onto his lap. Firmly planting a knee on either side of him, you lift yourself up so that you can loom over him. You pull your shirt up over your head and fling it behind you, then gently lift Steve’s arms and pull his t-shirt over his head and tossing it to the side. Lowering yourself down you begin to kiss him passionately, using one hand to trace up and down the side of his body, letting your nails glide across his skin. You start to kiss his neck again but this time, when you reach his shoulder, you take a small area between your teeth and nibble gently at it. Steve lets out a little moan, which grows louder as you bite down harder. You hear a cocky laugh slip from his lips,

“Is that all you’ve got?”

This one bratty outburst is all it takes to get you going. You sit up and take hold of his shoulders, lifting one leg out of the way you push him downwards and help him to roll over so that he is lying flat on his back, legs spread out across the back seat. Awkwardly, in the

small space, you unbutton his jeans and pull them down with his underwear, dropping both into the footwell.

“You talk a big game for someone who’s this hard for me, Harrington.” You don’t usually call him that, but you like the way it sounds. Steve replies with a smirk.

You fumble with your jeans and throw them off, leaving your underwear on for the time being. Climbing back over him you straddle him again. Pulling yourself forward you position your crotch so it is pressed against the base of his cock. Slowly, and with as little pressure as possible, you run your middle finger from the tip, down the full length, feeling him twitch as you trace over his skin. You position yourself up on your knees again to allow you to lean over him. You wrap one hand around his cock, and reach out with the other to twirl your fingers into the hair at the back of his head.

“Hey, watch the hair!” He instructs, playfully.

You ball your fist and take a tight grip of the section of hair you were playing with, keeping your knuckles close to his head so you don’t hurt him too much. You pull his head back, forcing his mouth open slightly, and with your other hand begin stroking firmly. A whimper escapes Steve’s lips.

“What was that, Harrington?”

He bites his lip and stares up at you. Suddenly you feel his fingers making their way up your thigh. You catch his hand and push yourself forward, holding it tightly against the car door. Lifting your opposite knee, you catch his other hand underneath it so that he can’t move and let your hand speed up as you thrust it over his dick. At first, he makes an attempt to struggle against you, a smug grin highlighting his confidence in his own strength, but you feel him weaken as heavy groans spill from his throat.

A few minutes pass and you feel Steve's legs beginning to shake underneath you, you can see his whole body twitching with every stroke of your hand. Releasing your grip on his restrained hand you sit up,

"Are you going to cum, Steve?"

He uses his now free hand to grab at his own hair and tug at it as his entire body tenses. Biting hard on his lip he nods intently at you. Slowly you lean down and with a final slow stroke you gently reveal the head of his penis, and teasingly run your tongue over it lapping up the little pool of precum.

"Well not yet." You say in a mocking tone, "Now it's my turn."

Slipping your underwear off you climb forward over his body, using your calves to clamp his arms against his body and letting his hands rest on your heels. Grabbing hold of the headrest of the front seat, your lower yourself onto his mouth and feel yourself shudder with arousal as his tongue traces up your labia to your clit. Reaching behind you, you place a reassuring hand on his chest.

"Is that good?" You ask, softening your tone slightly.

In response you feel two light taps on your heel, a pre-agreed signifier that he was doing okay. You bring your arm back around in front of you and grab hold of his hair, he lets out a moan that vibrates through your body. You stay on top of him for a long time, feeling his tongue glide across your skin. You move your hips along with him, guiding him to where you want to be touched. He presses firm kisses into your lips that make your legs quiver. Finally, you lift yourself dramatically of him and clamber backwards, sitting on his chest and grinding your hips so he can feel how wet you are. Sliding back a little, you lean down and kiss him. You can taste yourself on his mouth and it drives you wild; you let his hot tongue slip into your mouth.

Repositioning yourself straddling his legs, you grab hold of his hands again. Pressing them down firmly into the seat you bend forward and begin to make your way up his thighs, with soft kisses at first but building up to biting down hard into his leg as you get closer to his crotch. You take his cock into your mouth. You begin to move your head up and down, letting yourself get a little lower with each downward motion until you can almost feel your lips touching his balls. Speeding up slightly you tilt your head gently side to side, letting your tongue slip up and down the underside of his dick. The sound of his groaning spurs you on, you speed up again, using your tongue to add a little more pressure. His legs start to shake again.

“Mmmm wait... If you don’t stop I’m going to... I’m... Unnghhhh”

You feel his cock twitch in your mouth and you hold still as you feel the hot sensation spilling into your mouth, that salty almost bitter taste on the back of your tongue. You can feel Steve’s heartbeat in his thighs. Lifting your head back up you look down at him and smile.

You reach into the front seat and grab the picnic blanket from your rucksack. Leaning your back against the car door with your knees up and slightly apart. You beckon for Steve to come and lie between them, wrapping him up in the blanket as he comes to rest his head on your chest. Gently lifting his fringe, you plant soft kisses on his forehead.

“You did really well.” You whisper, softly. “Well done. How did you find it?”

“Intense.” Steve murmurs.

“Good intense, or bad intense?”

You feel a little blast of heat on your stomach as he lets out a little laugh, “Good.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Nice,” he smiles “sleepy though, and a bit hot.”

You unwrap the blanket a little and roll the window down to let the cool air in. The night is so still, even with the rain still rattling against the car. The sound is so soothing. You both sigh as the fresh smell of the woods floats into the car, bringing with it a pleasant breeze.

“Do you need anything?” You ask.

Steve shakes his head and closes his eyes, snuggling into you,

“Just you.”

You give him another kiss on the forehead and gently stroke his hair,

“We can stay here as long as you want.”